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FOUR MONTHS IN EUROPE.

By L. S. Fairfield.

That is a pleasant country, without doubt,
To which all soon return who travel out.

Cowley.

INTRODUCTION.

There are many persons in this community, no doubt, who will seriously arraign the subsequent observations on England. To all native Americans, who feel dissatisfaction on this subject, the author would recommend a short residence in London; where, if their feelings are not perfectly indurated, they will soon convince their prejudices that, not only what is here stated is true, but also more—ay, much more. To all aristocratico-democratic naturalists—to all monarchists in a free Republic, the author can offer no apology. When obstinate prejudice counteracts better knowledge it is in vain to reason, assert or remonstrate. But these things are so; and, however ignorance may discredit or prejudiced knowledge assault the author, the consciousness of having spoken as becomes a devoted and determined republican will be his safeguard and his reward.

Where the following remarks deviate from previous publications, they are to be esteemed the intentional alterations of more mature experience and observation.

DEDICATION.

To all True Americans,
To all who love their Country,
To all who would die in defence of Republican
Institutions,
These Remarks on Europe are dedicated

FOUR MONTHS IN EUROPE.

No. I.

Early in the morning of the 20th of December, 1825, we left our lodgings and hurried down Broadway towards Whitehall, on our departure to the eastern world. As we hastily traversed the streets, some natural regret arose in our minds while we contemplated each object in our way, enjoying no certainty of ever beholding it again; but, inexperienced in the correlative happiness and misery of this changeable world, we passed along without those poignant repinings which have often since arisen in our journeyings among the people of the east. Having seen much of our native land, and familiarized its many excellent institutions, preparatory to a

voyage across the great deep, we were deluded (as, I doubt not, many others have been and will be) by the eagerness of expectation and the love of novelty. Cheered by anticipations of observing that kingdom and people, which, from our earliest days, we had been taught to admire and venerate, we forgot to shed any natural tears till the steamboat had borne us to the Hudson, and the white sails of our ship were unfurled to the breeze, that was to bear us far away. Previous, however, to this, my melancholy leave-takings of my most esteemed friends, to whom I was indebted for many introductory letters, had subdued my sanguine spirit to a very sober tone. There is nothing in life more sorrowful than parting from those whom we love and reverence, with many chances of never seeing them again; it is the most melancholy of all guiltless feelings. Long shall I remember the successive interviews of the 18th and 19th of December; long will the memory of the kindness of Doctors Hosack and Mitchell, and Francis, and Graham, Col. Smalley, Griscom, Col. S. Mr. C. K. and others, live in the mind of him to whom it was extended. Methinks, their reiterated "God bless you!" is ringing in my ears even now, while I record their goodness in a distant land and beneath the light of another hemisphere. Surely if the good will and kind wishes of any human being could preserve a traveller in Europe from the ills and afflictions necessarily attendant upon his wanderings, theirs had shielded me from many throes of a heart fully alive to the sufferings of humanity.

Blessed by our affectionate friends, and blessing our native land as it receded from our view, we were hurried rapidly down the bay before a freshening gale, and when the sun's lengthening light streamed over the dark blue waters, the faintest trace of the country of our birth was no longer perceptible. Having watched the dusky outline of the last hill behind us till it seemed to mingle with the twilight skies, and having been told that we should see no more of mother earth until we neared the rocky shores of Albion, we retired below to encounter the meanest, but not least annoying foe of the sea. With the best of all possible accommodations, we began to feel that there are inconveniences on the world of waters against which no precautions can avail. The rocking of the ship aroused sensations, which those who have been initiated in ma-

rine experience almost shudder to think of, and which those, who know nothing about the sea, will duly estimate if they ever chance to feel. For my single self, I know nothing that produces such utter indifference to life and all its concerns, for the time being, as seasickness—nothing so nearly allied to despair.

When our first troubles had somewhat abated, and every thing moveable in the cabin was secured, we began to look around and discriminate our companions. On the score of society there are always inconveniences and disagreements of some nature or other in all travelling excursions; but on the sea our associates become creatures of singular importance for the time. Whether they please or displease our tastes, there is no escape from their vicinity; no possibility of cutting their acquaintance or avoiding their presence. Like the angel behind the saint, or the devil following the sorcerer, they are ever with us for good or ill wherever we go. The most skilled exorcist in the calendar could not expel them; nor, perchance sometimes, the most patient of all men of Uz, endure them, without an occasional anathema. Unfortunately, it happened that our little congregation was composed, or rather discomposed of the most discordant anomalies. Sailing from the land of perfect freedom, every one claimed the unalienable prerogative of doing just as he pleased without any especial regard to the desires of his neighbour; and, as it unluckily happens in this world that the wish of one is the repugnance of another, more particularly if the spirit of contradiction is enhanced by the spirit of the grape, we soon found that, whatever tempests we might experience outwardly, we were sure of a most uncomfortable stiff gale within. I am unskilled in sketching portraits, but our *compagnons de voyage* were something like the following portraitures: First, Mr. M—, an Englishman, who "had left his country for his country's good," several years before, and dwelt during a considerable time among the republicans of the West. He was a tall, stout, and, originally, good-looking man; but incessant intoxication had ruined his personal appearance and perverted his naturally weak mind into every shape of deformity. It would be hard to say which was the most annoying, his general folly or his particular misrepresentation; the idiotism of his ebriety or the malice of his intercalary sober hours. In the former mood, he indulged in the most gasconading relations

of his victories over the bottle and the card-table; over the latter, he ran riot in abuse of every thing American. Mrs. F——, Miss B——, Capt. C——, and myself, at first interfered with the veracity of his chronicles; but, finding him too foolish for the trouble of correction, we suffered him to go his own way and enjoy the applause of his notable companion, who never failed to echo his assertions and corroborate his falsehoods.—Second, J. H——, a young English libertine, who had resided for many years in America, and who had wasted the salary which his father generously allowed him in every kind of excess until he at last withdrew it altogether, and left his disinherited profligate son to the misery which he had contrived for himself. Spirituous liquors, of which he drank an immoderate quantity on board, drove him absolutely mad; and he bullied, on such occasions, about the deck in a style which would have done honour to Richmond, the black boxer himself. He was the parrot of M——, and every attack on America was supported as long as his obstructed articulation would allow. But, poor fellow! I have no heart to do thee justice. He had been disinherited by his father some years before; but his wretchedness drove him to England to seek a reconciliation. From the ship in the Downs he wrote to Mr. H——, in the style of penitence; he went ashore at Gravesend; he arrived in London and his father met him. What was the issue? Two days afterwards Mr. H—— was found dead in his chamber—having fallen by his own hand. Poor J. H——! I forgive—pity thee! for in addition to thy previous manifold sins, a father's blood rests on thy head.

T. F——, a Canadian, may occupy the third place. He was harmless from destitution of power; well informed on commercial topics, (as far as I could judge, who know nothing about them) but ignorant as an infant on all others; of a violent temper, when contradicted; prejudiced against the growing prosperity of America, and devoutly tenacious of the right of Great Britain to the supremacy of the world. His companion and friend, Surgeon G——, of the Royal Army, was the most amusing soldier and philosopher of the whole company. During the voyage, in the midst of all our contrarieties and disagreements, he preserved his equanimity unruffled, his temper undisturbed; took decided part with no one, agreed tacitly with every body and laughed silently at all; drank his wine, played his game, cracked his joke and whistled his battle-march, without care and without trouble. He was a philosopher of nature's own moulding; the sage of experience; one who, without any very attractive or brilliant qualities about him, contrived to pass through the difficulties which beset our path in life with as little dis-

order and molestation as possible. I could accompany Surgeon G——, on another voyage with very considerable pleasure; but there is no likelihood that we shall ever meet again. G——! thou art one who canst enjoy the good things of this life, and pass over the bad, with an accommodating facility which lessens many of the evils of our sublunary lot. Peace be with thee in all thy journeyings by land or water, thou master of the pacifying jest! C. P——, was a fat English merchant, and a pleasant fellow. He had travelled far enough to shake off the prejudices of a narrow education, and learned enough of this various world to liberalize his mind and expand his heart. He had seen that vice was confined to no country—honour to no people, uprightness to no monopoly, and religion to no sect. He possessed just that modified love of country, without which a man is no more estimable than an outlaw; and its operations on his mind produced just such an effect as it should do—it made him content with his lot in life, and grateful for the blessings which Providence, in its benignity, saw fit to bestow.

It is neither expedient nor convenient to characterize the ladies on board, any further than to say that time passed pleasantly among them; and that two little innocent girls afforded us all much rational amusement. B——, a most ingenious, untaught painter and sculptor, who worked out dogs and hares, for the gratification of the children, completes the list of those passengers whom I shall mention. Our Captain was a worthy man, a christian and a gentleman; one whose knowledge on a variety of topics far exceeded his apparent opportunities. Our passage was cold and uncomfortable, but very rapid to the Banks of Newfoundland; but afterwards unusually warm and slow, till we entered the English Channel on the 22nd of January. Often becalmed; sometimes visited by very severe gales, when the ocean swelled far above our fragile bark and threatened us with destruction; sometimes blessed with sunny days and dove-like winds; our voyage presented all the vicissitudes of human life—an epitome of the hopes and fears that alternately brighten and overcloud the heart.

After experiencing for more than a month the uncomfortable durance of a vessel, nothing in life is more electrifying than the first sight of land. I shall not soon forget with what delight we all beheld the shadowy coast of England; that land which had been my dream by night, and my meditation by day from my earliest years. Captain C——'s penetrating eye discovered it long before any of the passengers could distinguish between its dusky outline and the deep blue waters; but we were all so heartily tired of the sea and of one another, that we gladly echoed his welcome voice, and perjured ourselves by

avowing that which was untrue. The fact, however, was beyond dispute; and, when night descended, all could safely boast that they beheld the light-houses, which throw their dazzling beams far over those rocks and shoals so fatal to the mariner. The weather, during our passage up the Channel, was most delightful; far different, Capt. C—— observed, from that which he had usually experienced there, it being the grand-contractor of all the fogs of the foggy isle of Albion. Passing the isle of Wight, which was as green in the depth of winter as our fields are in bloom of May, we beheld before us, the romantic cliffs of Dover—and were told, as a matter of course, that a certain Shakspeare had written a certain description of those very rocks which rose above us in their brown and barren majesty. This, then, is England! I said to myself, leaning over the taffrail to observe and contemplate. This is the far-famed kingdom which many have longed to behold. Over this very spot, where our ship now glides so smoothly, sailed the forefathers of New-England when they fled, unprovided exiles, from the habitation of their ancestors. With what a courage they dared the perils of the unknown ocean, amidst the equinoctial gales of September! How nobly their fortitude, their religion supported them in the worst extremities! I thought not of the armaments of the great and powerful kings!—nor of the rich convoys of merchantmen which, ministering to the luxuries of life, had passed and repassed these shining cliffs. But that lonely vessel, with its hundred passengers, was heaving along the wave, on its perilous way to a far distant clime; a clime, the happiest now and the most prosperous of all the kingdoms of the earth. While wrapt in these reflections, I could not but deem it the strangest of anomalies, that the not far removed descendants of those very pilgrims who forsook their fruitful land without a tear, for the deserts of the wilderness, should look upon England with such enthusiastic reverence—such misplaced devotion; that every infant should be taught to esteem England the richest, the fairest, the happiest and the greatest of nations; that none should be thought fully accomplished who had not visited that famous isle; thereby tacitly acknowledging that America is inferior in arts and arms to the country from whose people it originally sprung. The antidote is near the poison, however; one visit will dispel all these fantasies.

Here we were first initiated into the mysteries of those abominable arts by which property is acquired, in the kingdom of the Nabobs. Like birds of prey around a field of battle, the ravenous watermen flitted around the Hudson; and, naturally desirous of touching terra firma once more, we desired the Captain to demand of the head waterman his

price for setting us ashore. The ship was then riding about one mile from the cliffs of Dover. What would any reasonable person, unversed in the impositions of the Channel, suppose he required to convey a single passenger, without his luggage, to the pier? Why, the fellow had the effrontery to demand two guineas, or ten dollars for each person! So much for the modesty of these marine monsters! thought I; if this is a sample of the excellent servants of England, heaven in its mercy send me back again to the country where, 'tis said, Jack is as good as his master! Capt. C— was about to expel the impostor from his ship, when he suddenly reduced his price to one guinea, and four of our passengers went on shore with him; I have never seen them since. Gliding gently on, we saw several immense China and India ships bearing down upon us; and soon afterwards they passed so near that we distinctly saw the decks of the latter crowded with troops destined for the horrible Burmese war and doomed to the death by the sword of Bundoolah or the pestilence of Arracan. Not one in a thousand of those miserable men could indulge the faintest hope of ultimate return; and, while they were in sight, I fully participated in all the melancholy emotions which must have agitated their hearts, as they thus forever passed away from the dwellings of their fathers. Alas! what time, what suffering can atone for the unspeakable misery the East India company is inflicting both on Asia and Europe? What a fearful account will these men be compelled to render for the system of extortion and misrule, madness and extermination which they have so long advocated and practised in their Indian empire? For their own individual aggrandizement, they sacrifice the lives and fortunes of thousands, and the safety and happiness of all who come within the grasp of the insatiable anaconda. Those whom I now beheld were some of the victims of their execrable system of monopolising oppression; and I looked upon the miserable creatures as so many witnesses at the tribunal of eternal justice against the unprincipled and ungodly rulers of the earth. While their bloody banners waved in the distance, I could not fail to bless the starry standard of freedom that floated over my head; and I silently congratulated my native land, that its government was swayed by justice and honour, and its people happy in the blessings of virtue and of peace. So it consistent is man, in his best estate, that he knows not the worth of his enjoyments, until he encounters a temporary deprivation. While the flag of independence always floated before my eyes, I observed it without emotion; but when in the midst of the wide Atlantic a brig passed us and hoisted American colours, the eye of every Columbian in the Hudson swam in tears of joyful recognition.

All the sublime compositions of Haydn, Mozart, Weber,* Rossini never touched my heart like the inartificial notes of *Yankee Doodle*, when I heard it played four thousand miles from the spot, where the ridicule of a British officer changed the rude tattoo of a rustic hand into the march of triumph, and the prophetic music of national glory.

While we proceeded, too, I was struck with the infinite superiority of the American shipping to that of the greatest commercial people in the world. The Hudson attracted universal attention, as she passed in her beauty through the black-hulked, dark-sailed and uncleanly vessels that thronged the English Channel, and I could well believe that many an envious eye refused to dwell long on her beautiful structure, and many a tongue grew eloquent in abuse of the detestable ingenuity of the incorrigible Yankees.

* Baron Carl Maria Von Weber, and Signor Rossini are, at present, the reigning favorites at all concerts and fashionable assemblies in London. The latter is one of the vainest men living. Meeting Wellington at some splendid route, he marched up to him with infinite stateliness, and remarked with great naivete, that it was seldom two such celebrated men (as my Lord Duke and Signor Rossini) honoured any public assembly at the same time. The cut-throat of Waterloo must have felt himself highly honoured—as, no doubt, he was.

† The death of the Baron Weber, has been announced since this was written.

Popular Tales.

THE MILLER OF ELDRIG.

By James Denniston.

Some time about a hundred years ago, there lived in the parish of Kirkcowan, an honest industrious miller, who had a large family to maintain; which from the pressure of the times and the rigour of a severe landlord, long kept him struggling amidst a maze of difficulties, from which he saw no method of extricating himself; and, latterly, to add to his misfortunes, a host of conflicting evils overtook him as if by a simultaneous compact. His crops failed;—his cattle died;—a person who owed him a sum of money became bankrupt, and fled to a foreign land. His landlord, becoming impatient, distrained for the rent, and carried off the little that the disease had spared. In short, such concatenation of evils, following each other in such rapid succession, would have an ordinary observer to infer, that he had been singled out as a mark for the arrows of Divine wrath.

But, after the lapse of a few years, his affairs began gradually to take a favourable turn and fortune, as if weary of persecuting, had resolved to recompense him for all his past sufferings. His family successively left him, and formed establishments for themselves; instead of a burden became his support. One

son still remained at home, the child of his old age, and the almost exclusive object of his affection. John was now in his twelfth year, beautiful as the Hour of eastern superstition, and frolicsome as the kid of his native mountains. While he was, as has already been said, the pride of his doating parents, he was at the same time the universal favourite of the simple inhabitants of the lonely glen in which they resided; and he having been from his infancy permitted to wander about without restraint, his approach was hailed by the juvenile inmates of every cottage with shouts of joyful welcome, and his departure was set up with tears of unfeigned regret.

One fine day in summer, he went out, as he said, to fish in the burn, but not coming home at the time expected, some person was sent in quest of him, who, after a long and fruitless search, returned with the tidings that he was not to be found. This was the signal, as usual, for a general turn-out, when all his haunts were explored, the pool beneath the cataract was dragged, and every other measure resorted to that they hoped might lead to a discovery; but no trace of him could be found, and the last ray of hope had nearly expired, when a joyful cry arose that he was seen approaching. His father, whose agonies had hitherto disqualified him from taking any share in the deliberation of his friends, no sooner heard he was returning in apparent safety, than his terrors gave way to his passions, and he snatched up a rod for the purpose of inflicting a signal chastisement for his delinquency; but on witnessing the woful condition in which the boy was, every other feeling was lost in anxiety and commiseration. His clothes were soiled with mire, and literally reduced to rags, his hands and fine features were lacerated to the bone and covered with blood, his head was bare, and his bright sunny locks were matted and twisted like ropes. In short, he was in the most miserable plight that can well be conceived.

All hands were immediately set to work; and whilst one party were busily employed in bathing, and applying styptics to his wounds, and freeing him from the filth in which his person was shrouded, another were overwhelming him with an inundation of questions, as to where he had been, and how he came to be mangled in such a shocking manner,—to all of which he listened without offering the least reply; maintaining, on the contrary, an inflexible silence, which neither the entreaties nor threats of his parents could induce him to break, till wearied to death with their opportunities he desired to be put to bed, and left to his repose, which was reluctantly complied with, after every attempt to elicit an explanation had failed.

A few days afterwards, when the youth had attained to such a state of convalescence as to be enabled to leave his bed, he begged his

father to accompany him in a short walk; and having imperceptibly drawn him into a sequestered corner of the glen, he, with much hesitation, and some embarrassment, commenced, by informing him, that although the present was an opportunity he had most anxiously wished for, yet, from the limited nature of the communication he was permitted to make, he was afraid it would afford little satisfaction to a parent whom he had so much reason to honour and respect, and that he felt nothing so painful as the circumstance of possessing a secret, which he dared not communicate even to him;—that such, however, was his hard destiny, and patient submission was the only alternative left him. He solemnly assured him, that the dreadful mysteries in his possession, and to which his fortunes were indissolubly linked, were not of his own seeking, but imposed on him by a chain of events, over which he neither then, nor at any subsequent period, could ever possess the slightest controul, and the key to which must for ever remain locked up in the innermost recesses of his own bosom, otherwise a terrible fate awaited him;—that, in all time coming, every thing connected with his own fortunes, that he dared communicate, should be done freely, and without any solicitation; and when he was silent on any subject that might appear mysterious, he begged that they would abstain from harrassing him with questions which could answer no other purpose, than that of rendering him miserable without the possibility of eliciting any thing from him on these forbidden subjects. He expressed his sincere regret at being thus compelled to dictate to parents, whose every word had hitherto been a law to him. But as no other alternative was left him, he considered it his duty to be as explicit as the nature of his obligations would permit him. No apparent want of filial affection on his part would, he trusted, induce them to seek farther explanation, nor ever again return to the revolting subject, which, even at that moment, froze the current of his life in his bosom, and shed a moral mildew over all the nobler energies of his soul. His sufferings here became evident. He seated himself on a stone, and clasping his hands together, bowed his head on his knees, and gave way to his feelings. His lips moved, but no sound was heard. At last, slowly raising himself, he, in a hurried manner, begged his father would forbear with him a little longer, as he had still a task to perform in which he promised to be brief, as he felt himself at that moment unequal to a protracted narrative.

He then proceeded to state, that it had been communicated to him, that as soon as he had reached his sixteenth year, he would discover a hidden treasure, which would eventually lay the foundation of his future happiness and prosperity, and which would for ever emanci-

pate him from that state of mysterious thralldom in which he was to be held during the intervening period; that previous to the arrival of that happy day, however, many dreadful trials awaited him; that he must become not only acquainted with, but a participator in, scenes of horror of which human language could never convey an adequate idea, nor could human eye behold, unassisted by a superior intelligence, without sinking for ever under the blight of the dreadful vision;—and what must add to their appalling terrors, was the cheerless prospect, that they must be endured alone, and without a murmur.

They returned in silence, each occupied by his own sad reflections, and from that day forward the youth's manners and appearance underwent such a total change, as in some measure to justify the surmises of his friends, that he was under the influence of some unearthly being.

At last the third and final year of his noviciate commenced, and brought along with it such an accumulation of misery, as threatened soon to terminate his misfortunes by death. His whole manner and appearance underwent a dreadful change. His visage, from being pale, became haggard and ghastly—his eyes wild and staring, his step quick and irregular:—often starting and looking around with cautious dread, as if he expected at every corner to encounter a lurking foe.—He also absented himself more frequently, and always in the night time. Seldom a week now elapsed, without his spending a night from home, and when he returned, it was in such a state of exhaustion, that he required help to undress himself.

His friends began now in earnest to be alarmed for his life, and urged his father by every argument their tears could suggest, to interpose his authority, and detain him at home by conciliation if possible, but should he become refractory, to have recourse to coercion. To this he at last gave a reluctant consent, in so far as parental authority might be extended without violence; declaring, at the same time, that he would never lend his sanction to stronger measures than might be obtained by exhortation or command.

As they knew the youth had a deep sense of his religious duties, they thought, by engaging him in its solemn exercises about the time he usually disappeared, they would detain him by protracting it till the fatal hour was past, and by that means, sever the mystic bonds which, in the simplicity of their hearts, they believed in some manner linked his destiny with that of some agent of the world of spirits. Acting on this hope, as soon as the evening closed in, the household were assembled for family worship, in which the youth joined with an ardour of feeling which seemed to justify their most sanguine hopes; but in an instant, when all eyes were fixed on him, he gave a

sudden start and sprang from his seat. Those that were nearest attempted to lay hold on him, but with a single bound he eluded their grasp, and disappeared in a moment.

On another occasion, (for his nocturnal wanderings were now constant and unremitting,) his friends were resolved to be more on their guard; and when called together for the purpose of offering up the evening sacrifice, they secured the door by locking it and carrying away the key. The boy became sensible of their intentions, and instantly took the alarm. His whole manner became agitated;—he trembled as in an age; large drops of cold sweat bedewed his temples, and, falling on his knees, he implored mercy in the most pathetic terms; assuring them, that they might kill, but could not detain him, and declaring that he could not join in the service of the evening till restored fully to his liberty. His father seemed moved by his agony, and made an effort to rise, for the purpose of unlocking the door, but was restrained by his other friends, who exhorted him to be firm for his son's sake as now was the time to free him of the thralldom in which he was held by some imp of darkness, who had inveigled him into some unholy compact, which was alike subversive of his health and peace of mind in this world, and his hopes of happiness in the next. Silenced, though not convinced by their reasoning, he was about to resume his seat, when the boy started up, and uttering the most piercing screams, called out,—“O! they come, they come! For my sake, for your own sakes, for God's sake detain me not a moment longer—a single moment may be fatal to us all!” When, clasping his hands, and casting up his eyes, with a look of unutterable despair, he exclaimed, “O, have mercy, heaven, or I am lost for ever.” At that instant they became sensible of a low moaning sound, like the noise of a distant waterfall, which seemed rapidly to approach, and with increasing intonation. The evening was calm, not a breath sighed through the windows of the flexible poplar, nor awoke the mountain fern from its twilight repose into a graceful genuflection, yet as the voice drew nearer, it bore some resemblance to the howl of a mighty tempest, combined with the rush of a descending cataract; the cottage was shaken to its foundation, and heaved as if tossed on the billows of an earthquake—every cheek was blacked with terror, and the youth, falling on his knees, cried, with a voice of piercing agony, “O save my father! he is innocent.”

The old man now rose, with dignity in his manner, and demanding the key, opened the door, and said, “Go, my unhappy son, and fulfil your destinies, whatever they may be; only, before you depart, implore the protection of Almighty God.” The boy, with an impressive solemnity of manner, grasped his

hand, and exclaimed "May God bless you, my father, and protect me," and darting out disappeared amidst the gloom.

The eventful morning at last dawned, that was to win up the destinies, and terminate the sufferings of the miller's once beautiful son. The boy had been just put to bed, and some simple restorative administered to him, when he sunk into a slumber; but so restless and disturbed did he appear during its continuance, that his mother was more than once on the point of waking him. He tossed his arms about with violent gestures; sometimes his hands were spread and held up, as in the act of supplication, and the next moment they were firmly clenched and placed in the attitude of defiance—his features, at the same time, changing with the rapidity of thought, to the expression of the most opposite passions. At last a throe of keener agony awoke him;—he started up, and seeing his mother seated beside him, told her that he could not rest, and begged she would call his father, as he wished to spend as much of the day as was permitted him, in exercises of devotion. This was cheerfully complied with, and it passed over in alternate supplications at the throne of grace, and praises offered up from hearts overflowing with gratitude for past mercies, and imploring with humble confidence the protection of him, who "rides the whirlwind, and rules the storm."

The short winter day began now to close in, with all the indications of an approaching tempest: the wind swept in hollow gusts down the glen, emitting a sullen murmur as it raved through the leafless forest;—huge masses of vapour, dark and lowering, were borne before it. Onwards they came, in dreadful succession, volume after volume, tumbling and rolling like the smoke of a volcano, and assuming the most fantastic shapes as they whirled in rapid alternation around the brow of a neighbouring mountain. Pals of distant thunder reverberated in trembling echoes from hill to hill; sleet, mingled with hail, came with bitter fury, borne on before the resistless blast. The spirit of the storm had whetted his arrows, and seemed to be approaching in all his terrors. The boy had arisen, and appeared more collected than he had for some time been. He spoke of the perils of the approaching evening with a degree of freedom he had never hitherto done, and the tempest that darkened its features, as of something he had not only foreseen, but as a necessary instrument, in the hands of an invisible agent, for bringing about his ultimate success.

His friends were rejoiced to witness his altered manner and cheerful countenance; but his father, who saw deeper, soon discovered that his firmness was all assumed, in which idea he was confirmed by his fluctuating features and shivering frame, which seemed to

shrink from the perils he was that night doomed to encounter. As the storm increased his terrors appeared to keep pace with it. He cast many a look of dismay to the door; and at last, clasping his hands in agony, he cried, in a subdued voice, "May God protect you all and grant we may once more meet in safety!"—so saying he rushed out of the house.

Day dawned, and by the time the morning service was over, the sun had risen, when all rushed out.—But what a scene of desolation met the eye! Trees shivered by lightning, or overturned by the fury of the blast, lay scattered around in every direction; houses, denuded of their coverings had left their humble inmates exposed to the fury of the storm; huge masses of rock had detached themselves from the mountain, and tumbling down, obstructed the channel of the rivulet that flowed by, which, though it had now subsided within its bank, still continued to bawl and murmur with impatient velocity. A dense coronet of dusky vapour rested on the mountain's brow; but so still and motionless did it appear, and its figure was defined by such a sharp set of outline, that it well might have been mistaken for an ancient fortress, whose turrets and battlements were gilded by the beams of the rising sun. The search now commenced according to the instructions they had received, and they proceeded down the glen by the side of the burn, and following all its sinuosities, and examining every place with the minutest scrutiny, but no traces of the boy could be found. At last, when they were on the point of abandoning their search in that direction, his father, who was still foremost, informed them that he had discovered the fresh print of his feet.—This gave a new stimulus to their efforts, and on following a little farther down they came to a large oak tree, which grew on the very brink of the stream, and which had been struck with lightning and cleft in two, the one half falling across the burn, and the other threatening to follow on the very first blast of the wind. A considerable portion of the bank had been forced into the stream by the electric fluid, which left a deep excavation from the edge of the water to the distance of some hundred yards backwards. At the bottom of this chasm the boy was discovered seated on a stone, but in such a state of exhaustion that he appeared to be deprived of both speech and motion; he seemed however to be conscious of their approach as a faint smile played upon his lips, but all muscular action was suspended. They raised him in their arms, and were about to remove him, when he made an effort with his hand, and pointed to the opposite bank.—Their eyes followed the direction of his finger, and they discovered a large copper vessel, of very antique workmanship, deeply embedded in the earth.—A very little labour freed it from the

place where, in all probability, it had reposed for ages; and whatever were its contents, it required two of the stoutest men present to remove it from the place of concealment. John was carried home (nor was the precious vessel forgotten,) where, by care and proper treatment, he was soon restored to his wonted health, nor did he afterwards manifest the slightest desire to return to his nocturnal wanderings.

No person (that is to say, the world,) ever knew what the mighty vase contained; but there are certain analogies, from which something may be gathered, such as, that about a year or two afterwards, an extensive landed proprietor in a neighbouring parish, whose circumstances having got into a state of embarrassment, was reduced to the necessity of disposing of four farms by public sale.

One fine morning in June, the miller's old Bucephalus was led to the door, accompanied by a beautiful Galloway poney for his favourite son. They mounted, being equipped as if for a long journey, and their departure gave rise to much speculation in the neighbourhood, both as to its distance and object. In a few weeks, however, they returned from Edinburgh, the miller having effected the purchase of the above property; and he was hailed by the joyful acclamations of his rustic neighbours, as "Laird of Craignacogle."

He lived many years after these events had passed away; nor would he ever leave the mill, nor abandon his humble profession:—and when at last he was gathered to his fathers, it was found that the rights of primogeniture had been set aside in favour of his youngest son; nor did the arrangement give the slightest discontent in the bosoms of his elder brethren.—They all lived in the greatest harmony together, and ever experienced from John the kindest attention.

Although his health was now fully established, yet his spirits never rose to their former tone. He was ever pleasant—sometimes cheerful—but never joyous; on the contrary, a state of pensive melancholy mingled itself with every thing he did or said. In process of time, however, he cast the eye of affection on a blooming maiden, the daughter of a neighbouring gentleman, who, after a year's probation, suffered herself at last to be led to the altar, and by her he had a numerous family, whose descendants inherit the property so obtained to this day.

Reputation.—We except to judges in affairs of small moment, but are content that our reputation and glory should be dependent on the judgment of men who are all against us, through jealousy, prejudice, or want of discernment: Yet it is merely to engage these to determine in our favour that we often hazard our ease and lives.

Literary.

THE AUDIENCE AND THE VISIT.

(From the Spanish.)

Possessed with a mania for projects and speculations, after having wasted all my patrimony in plans, morals, memorials, experiments, and schemes, I arrived at a certain metropolis (which I do not deem it prudent to name,) with a plan of such vast importance and so feasible, that I conceived the government could do no less than furnish me with funds sufficient to carry it into execution, and that the nation would erect statues in honour of me, in every public place. My project was to unite two rivers by means of a navigable canal, which would not only greatly facilitate the communication between different provinces, and render considerable districts more fertile, but likewise extend commerce, promote navigation, and quadruple agricultural produce; in short, the reign of Saturn was to return once more upon the earth, attended with all those blessings which, with their usual veracity, poets have delighted to attribute to it. As I yielded to no former projector in the grandeur of my schemes, so was I behind hand with none in disinterestedness and generosity for, in return for these public advantages, I demanded nothing—absolutely nothing for myself. All that I required was, that government should advance me capital for the undertaking, and should give me the exclusive privilege of collecting the tolls and duties arising from the canal; than which nothing can assuredly be more reasonable, since we ought all of us to live by our own labours, and I have read in some writer on political economy, that a man's ideas are as much his own property as an estate or any other possession.

I applied myself most studiously to carry my project into execution: I drew up a memorial, formed estimates and maps, and thus prepared, presented myself at the minister's of whom I requested an audience. At first I had to address myself to a porter, who was not particularly affable or civil; next to an attendant, who seemed to think himself very condescending in even noticing me; and then to a secretary, who spoke only in monosyllables. At length after repeated visits and applications, I obtained the desired interview, at which I presented myself with all the confidence of one who is already sure of success. I was so fortunate as to be ordered to read my memorial, which I forthwith did, in an emphatic tone of voice, while his excellency continued to play with a little terrier. As soon as I had finished reading, the following dialogue took place:—"Your project is utterly impracticable; nothing can be made of it."—"If your lordship would be so kind as to tell me

your reasons for thinking so—"—"My reasons! there is no occasion for reasoning about it. I tell you it will not do."—"Yet I flatter myself—"—"To no purpose. In the first place, an exclusive privilege cannot be granted."—"Yet in a project of so vast utility—"—"In the next place, these two rivers are dry nearly half the year."—"But I had been informed—"—"Lastly, the canal would touch upon the royal park, and his majesty is passionately fond of game, which would thus be scared away."—"This last reason is an all-sufficient one. I now abandon the plan altogether, and beg your lordship to excuse me."

I returned home, struck with admiration of his excellency's extensive information on all that related to the subject, and of his zeal for the interests of his king: and having deposited my papers in my portfolio, went to the opera. I had hardly entered the house, when I perceived the handsome Marchioness—in her box, to whom I had been introduced some months before at Paris, and whom I knew to possess considerable influence with diplomatists, ministers, marshals, and journalists. I immediately went to her, and related my adventure. On hearing my story, the marchioness laughed heartily telling me, however, at the same time, not to be discouraged, as the minister was a particular friend of hers, and that every thing should be arranged to my wishes. "Obtain for me, then, another audience—"—"By no means," returned the marchioness, "but you shall make him a visit. Come to me to-morrow evening, at nine o'clock; and leave the rest to me."

Accordingly, the following evening I was punctual to the hour, having dressed myself suitably to the occasion. We got into the marchioness's carriage, and drove to the minister's, where the attendants received us as the intimate friends of his excellency. Scarcely had we entered the saloon, when my protectress took the minister aside, and when the conference was ended, he condescended to call me to him, and the following dialogue took place:—"Well, Sir, and how does your plan go on?"—"Very badly, your excellency. The difficulties which I perceive will attend its execution—"—"Leave all preamble, and tell me at once what these great difficulties are."—"In the first place an exclusive privilege cannot be granted."—"To be sure we do not grant them on every occasion, but when a man of merit and a most useful project are concerned, there will be no difficulty in this respect."—"And then as the rivers are apt to be dried up—"—"Who can possibly have told you such an idle story! They actually overflow every year, and occasion great damage by doing so."—"Yet his majesty is so passionately fond of game—"—"Aye, on the table,—but he has never, in all his life, even handled a fowling-piece. No, sir, these

are idle objections. There is no difficulty whatever in the business. See my secretary in the morning, and he will adjust every thing."

In fact, I waited the next day on that personage, whom I found most eager to serve me: the attendant of whom I before complained was most courteous, and even the porter seemed to have been studying politeness. In short, the project obtained the requisite sanction; and when I went to thank the marchioness for her kind services, not forgetting an elegant cashmere shawl and a diamond necklace, as trifling marks of my gratitude; she laughed heartily, and said, you know the difference there is between an *Audience* of, and a *Visit* to a great man.



A COMPLIMENT A LA FRANCAISE.

"Hail, ye small, sweet courtesies of life, for smooth do ye make the road of it! like grace and beauty, which beget inclinations to love at first sight"

Sterne.

By the Hermit in France.

I was preparing for my couch, my night gown and slippers were put on, John had wished me a good night, and I had heartily wished the same to John, when a gentle tap at the door of my saloon, announced a nocturnal visitor; who could it be? a dun?—I had none—and the hour was too late: A fair intruder (if beauty can ever possibly intrude?) I was too old for that: A stranger? Yes it must be some stranger knocking by mistake, and about to be unpleasantly surprised by the frost of winter where the bloom of summer was expected, or on the moment of meeting a solitary where a convivial party was looked for; or a Philander who will find an old man where he thought a young woman was lodged; where will he wish me? I dare not think on the place, so I gave a *hem*, its sound was masculine, and I cried *entrez s'il vous plait*.—The folding doors yielded to the pressure of warmth and kindness; two little children led the van, and old man and woman supported the centre, John brought up the rear, flanked on the one side by a pretty chamber-maid, and covered on the other by a greasy scullion; the advance carried a geranium and an heliotrope in flower pots; the central column moved on with immense *bouquets*, fragrant and well chosen; the rear presented a bottle of liqueur and boxes of *bonbons* (sweetmeats,) the dear children popped down the flower pots, the old man opened the case; he was, however, put down by the old woman, who offered the beauties of Flora to one who had withered in every point but in heart.—I listened attentively; "*c'est demain la fete de monsieur, et*"—it is to-morrow the festival of monsieur, and—the *and* needed no addition, although it was linked on to many well-

meaning words and kindy sentiments, expressions which make man Man in every land, and which unite him with all the works of the Creator.

To-morrow my festival! or rather the saint's day corresponding with my name: I, who, alas! have nothing to do with the saints, but all with the sinners; the compliment is too great, I merit it not. I began now to comprehend the thing, my name, and the fete.—The flowers represented the sweet sympathies and sensibilities which grow about the feeling heart, embracing and entwining our dearest affections, attracting the likeness of the divinity to his resemblances, and leaning towards each other in token of welcome and salutation, even when placed at distance either of rank or of situation; these are the *small sweet courtesies* which prevent our wants, familiarize our dependencies, and lull us into peace even on the tempestuous passage of life.—Good people! how much complacency, how much amenity in human life, how much liberality to a stranger, who is but a passenger through your country, but a lodger on your soil!

I attentively examined all their countenances, sincerity dwelt on every one. The motive for presenting the wreath, or the bouquet, the flowering plant, or the evergreen, was, that on the morning my waking eye might fall upon the harmony of colours woven by nature's hand, and that I might inhale that sweetness which a generous climate produces for the participation of the young and the old alike; the *bonbons* are the common offerings to infancy, and senescence, or to lovely woman, less weak than declining man. I took the will for the deed, and all was welcome to my soul; *l'huile de Venus* had little to do with me, her rosy hours and offerings have long gone by, but the spirituous part of the compound could still recall a warmth, which the chilly hand of time endeavours (often unsuccessfully) to banish from us: oil, too is a counter-poison, it effaces the rust of years, it is an antidote to the poison of wordly care and disappointment, which lie heavy upon the heart until it sickens and fades away. I received all the presents, and cordially thanked the good people who brought them, they were mine only from their benevolence, and in return for harmless conduct on my part.

This ceremony is national; it is no birthday business, no sad chronicle or recording of years, it is an offering of peace and of love, identified with nome, but unconnected with age. This custom is sensible and well discriminated; the pious, too, hallow the day by devotions; the thoughtless dedicate it to mirth; it invites parents (alas I had none,) friends!—where to find them?—neighbours—such were my porter and all his good family; and it is an earnest and provocative to the

party compliment and feast; but above all, to cherish reciprocal regard, and to do as they *have been done by*.—In consequence, I forgot not a Jean, a Pauline and an Elizabeth in the family. I was so fortunate as to be in the hotel on those days, (this the worthy folks could not have anticipated,) and gloves, bouquets, and *bonbons* were not omitted: Oh! that I had been a poet! for Pauline is exquisitely pleasing. How poorly, however, did I repay them! a return is always inferior to a spontaneous offering, it is as a copy to an original, or rather as a shadow to a substance. I (by remembering what was due) only convinced them of my observance and discrimination, they made a first and a tender impression on me.

I felt an electric something as I took leave of them at my door; my rest was sweet, my dreams were full of roses and of jasmins; I awakened gratefully to an added day, and the geranium and the heliotrope, the balsam and the amaranthus were the first objects which met, on his rising,

THE WANDERING HERMIT.



RHYME LEGEND OF RICHARD FAULDER MARINER.

Voyage in the Spectre Shallop.

(Concluded from our last.)

FITTE THIRD.

1.

We furrow'd the foam of the bonnie green sea,
And sweet was the sound of its waters to me;
We bore away eastward, it seem'd as gray day,
Gau to mottle the mountains.—away, and away,
As we wanton'd the billows came lurking in night
Forth eastward,—but westward they sparkled in light
The wind in our main-sail sang fitful and loud,
And the cry of the sea-eagle came from the cloud;
We pass'd wooded headland, and sharp promontory,
And ocean-rock famous in maritime story;
Till the sun with a burst o'er the tall eastern pines,
Shower'd his strength on the ocean in long gleaming
lines—
And lo! and behold! we rode fair in the bay
Of that fairest of friths, the broad sunny Solway:
There tow'd haughty Skiddaw—here rose Criffel
green,
There haunted Caerlaverock's white turrets between—
Green Man, like a garden lay scenting the seas,
Gay maiden's gazed seaward from sunny Saint Bees—
Dumfries's bright spires, Dalswinto's wild hill,
Comlongan's gray turrets.—deep Nith winding still,
'Tween her pine-cover'd margins, her clear-gushing
waters,
Which mirror the shapes of her song-singing daughters.
Thou too my own Allanbay, sea-swept and sunny,
Whitehaven for maidens, black, comely, and bonny;
And generous Arbigland, by mariners hallow'd,
A name known in prayer, and in blessing, and ballad:

2.

As I look'd two gay barks from their white halsers
broke,
With a shout o'er the billows from Barnhourie rock;
Their white penons flaunted, their masts seem'd to
bend,
As they pass'd the rough headland of cavern'd Colvend;

My ancient gulde smiled, and his old hand he lay'd
On the helm,—and the ship felt his wish and obey'd,
Her head from sweet AMbanbay suddenly turning,
Sprung away—and the billows beneath her seem'd
burning.
Nigh the sister barks came, and the deep shores were
ringing,
With a merry wild legend the seamen kept singing,
Nor man's voice alone o'er the sea-wave could render
Bard's labour so witching, and charming and tender:
For I heard a rich voice through that old legend pour'd
The voice too of Her I long served and ador'd;
Hard fortune—false friends—and mine ill-destinie,
And the dark grave have sunder'd that sweet one from
me.

3.

Soon the sister barks came, and shout, yelloch, and
mirth,
Now rung in the water, and rung in the earth;
And I saw on the decks, with their merry eyes glancing
And all their fair temple locks heaving and dancing,
Not my true love alone; but maids mirth-ome and free,
And as frank as the wind to the leaf of the tree.
There was Katherine Oene, Lurgan's bonniest daugh-
ter,
Gay Mally Macbride, from the haunted Bann water,
And she who lays all seamen's hearts in embargoes,
Who have hearts for to lose, in old kind Carrickfergus
Green Nithsdale had sent me her frank Jenny Haining,
With an eye that beam'd less for devotion than sinning;
Mary Carson the meek, and Kate Candish the gay;
Two maids from the mountains of blythe Galloway;
And Annand, dear Annand, my joys still regarding,
Sent her joyous Johnstone, her blysome Jardine;
And Bonnie Dumfries, which the muse loves so well,
Came gladdening my heart with her merry Maxwell;
And loveliest and last, lo! a sweeter maiden came,
I trust not my tongue with recording her name,
She is flown to the land of the leal, and I'm left,
As a bird from whose side the left wing has been reft.

4.

Glad danced all the damsels—their flowing long hair
In bright tresses swam in the dewy morn air;
More lovely they look'd, and their eyes glanced more
killing,
As the music wax'd louder, and warmer and thrilling;
The waves leap'd and sang, and seem'd with the meek
lute
To keep, not to give, the meet time to the foot.
The shaven masts quiver'd, the barks to the sound,
Moved amid the deep waters with start and with bound;
All the green shores remurmur'd, and there seem'd to
run
Strange shapes on the billows; the light of the sun
Was lustrous and wild, and its shooting gleam wave
More of cold than of warmth to the swelling sea-wave;
I trembled and gazed for I thought on the hour,
When the witch has her will, and the fiend has his
power,
And the sea-spirit rides, the dark waters aboon,
Working mariners woe 'neath the hallowmass moon.
And I thought on my old merry mate, Mortin Halmer,
Doomed to doomsday to sail in a vessel of glamour,
Between sunny Saint Bees and the Mouth of the Orr—
Wives pray still as shrieking he shoots from the shore.

5.

Now nigh came the sister barks—nigher and nigher—
More gay grew the song, more melodious the lyre;
More lovely maids look'd, and their feet leap'd more
free,
The rocks rung, and more merrily sung the green sea;

Many birds, particularly the dove, first lift the left
wing to fly, and school-boys cut the tip of that wing
alone to preserve their pet-doves from roaming.

And I gazed, for I could not but gaze, and there stood
Meek and mild her dark eye-glance down-cast on the
flood—

What fair one whose looks, while ships swim the salt
sea,

While light comes to morning, and leaves to the tree,
While birds love the greenwood, and fish the fresh river,

Shall bless me, and charm me, for ever and ever.

O I deem'd that nought evil might mimic the light
Of those dark eyes divine, and that forehead so bright,
Nought from the grim sojourn unhallow'd, unshaven,
Dared put on the charms, and the semblance of heaven:
She glanced her eye on me—from white brow to bosom,
All ruddy she wax'd, as the dewy rose blossom.—
I called on my love—with a blush and a sigh;
And side-looking, as still was her wont, she drew nigh.

6.

"Heaven bless thee!" I said,—even while I was speak-
ing,

The phantom barks vanish'd, with yelling and shriek-
ing;

And mine *Ancient Guide* glared, as a tiger will glare,
When he comes to his den and the hunters are there:
And changing his shape, to a cormorant he grew,
Thrice clanging his wings round the shallop he flew:
And away from the sea and the shore, in his flight,
Fast faded and vanish'd that charmed day-light.
Down on the dread deck then my forehead I laid,
Called on *Hiss* that's on high—to his meek Son,
pray'd:

The spectre bark shook—neath my knees seem'd to
run

The planking like snow in the hot summer sun:
Such darkness dropt on me as when the sea wars
With the heaven, and quenches the moon, and the stars;
And my dread guide flew round me, in swift airy rings,
Stooping down, like a sea raven, clapping his wings—
A raven no more now, a fire he became,
And thrice round the shallop has flown the fiend-flame:
In the flame flew a form, and the bark as he shot,
Shrivelled down to a barge, and a bottomless boat—
And I call'd unto him who is mighty to save:
Swift his spirit flew down and rebuked the sea-wave:
And smote the charin'd boat: with a shudder it sounded,
Away through the flood, on the greensward I bounded:
And back flew the boat, to a black mist I saw
It dissolve—I gazed seaward in terror and awe:
While my Fiend Guide passed off, like a shadow, and
said

"*MAHOUN* had not power to harm hair of thy head!"
I praised God, and pondering sought gladly my way,
To the merriment-making in sweet Allanbay.
But never may landsman or mariners more
Muse in hallowmass eve on that haunted sea shore
Nor behold the fiend's wonders he works in the main,
With my *GUIDE* and his dread *SPECTRE SHALLOP*
again!

Poetry.

WAR SONG.

THE original strain, of which the following stanzas
are an imitation, was wont to be sung, with patriotic
enthusiasm, by the German and Prussian soldiers, in
their encampments, on their marches, and in the field of
battle, during the last campaigns of the allies against
Bonaparte. This Tyrtan lyric, therefore, contributed,
in its day and its degree, to the deliverance of Europe.

1.

Heaven speed the righteous sword.
And freedom be the word!

Come, brethren, hand in hand,
Fight for your father-land.

2.

Germania from afar
Invokes her sons to war:
Awake: put forth your powers,
And victory must be ours.

3.

On, to the combat, on!
Go where your sires have gone:
Their might unspent remains,
Their pulse is in your veins.

4.

On, to the combat, on!
Rest will be sweet anon:
The slave may yield, may fly:
We conquer or we die.

5.

O, Liberty! thy form
Shines through the battle-storm.
Away with fear, away!
Let justice win the day!

J. Montgomery.

GAZETTE AND ATHENÆUM.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 5.

THE POET-HERO, ONCE MORE.

Orl. I know him to be valiant.
Con. I was told that by one that knows him better
than you.
Orl. What's he?
Con. Marry, he told me so himself; and he said he
cared not who knew it."

King Henry V.

Our readers will remember that we lately
condescended to lash some doggel, which a
half-witted dunce had inflicted upon the pub-
lic, and that we were subsequently black-
guarded by the "poet, hero, and minstrel" in
a paper called *Coram's Champion*, of which
the "poet, hero and minstrel" it seems, is co-
editor. This miserable bully appeared deter-
mined to cram his poetry down the public's
throat by blustering and bragging, and threat-
ening those who have honoured his insignifi-
cance, by exposing him to public contempt.
It is time that the anxious world should know
that this candidate for immortality, this *soi-dis-*
sant hero, this combination of Mars and Apol-
lo, is a most terrible fellow for critics. Read-
er, he has actually been in the navy, nay more,
he says in his book that he actually killed an
Englishman during the last war!! Heaven
bless us—what a prodigious exploit—and
shame upon Bryant and Halleck and Percival,
that not one of the three has ever celebrated
this deed in song, and that consequently the
hero should be obliged to blow his own trump-
et. *Kill an Englishman!* We wonder that
he did not eat him too. Should we ever quar-
rel again with England, this man's usefulness

will be incalculable, for we know a method
by which he alone can exterminate the whole
British nation. Let him export a ship load of
"Journals of the Ocean" to England, let him
catch the unlucky Britons, and compel them
to read his poetry from the beginning to the
end, and we will be sworn that no English-
man survives the trial—it would kill a cat, had
a cat ninety lives instead of nine.

To be serious:—the Review which we pub-
lished, of this man's doggel, was just and
correct in its opinions: stupidity and self-con-
ceit, and puerility abound in every page of his
book, and it was doing the author "honour
overmuch" to criticize his poetry in the sever-
est terms. However, we were kind enough
to make a little sport with it, and for our
kindness, the man attacked us in low black-
guard personal terms, which no decent paper
would have permitted to disgrace its columns.
As we had condescended to notice his poetry,
we furthermore condescended to notice his
impudence, in the language which it merited.
For two weeks he was quiet and we really be-
gan to think that the man had sense enough to
perceive that bullying and swaggering and
vulgarity would not answer his purpose. We
were mistaken, the dunce is "at us again" in
the "kennel" paper of which he is co-editor.
"Bray a fool in a mortar, yea, his foolishness
will not depart from him," says the wise man,
and the "poet, hero and minstrel" has proved
the truth of the proverb.

Let it not be thought that we have spoken
with undue harshness of this man. Towards
gentlemen, and men of respectable character,
we have always publicly and privately used
the language of courtesy; but we will not per-
mit impudent upstarts to abuse us without ex-
posing them in their true colours, unless, in-
deed, they happen to be too degraded for any
notice whatever. "*Coram's Champion*" is
rapidly acquiring such a disgraceful character,
that it will soon be altogether beneath notice;
—several of our friends have already com-
plained, because we have stooped to expose
Master *Coram's* co-editor, on the grounds that
he is unworthy in every respect, and even of
less merit than "*Coram*" himself. Hence-
forth we shall maintain perfect silence, what-
ever impertinence these men may exhibit to-
wards us; for in no respect whatever do we
consider either of them on an equal footing
with ourselves.

Extract of a Letter to the Editor.

Hot Springs, Virginia, July 22d, 1826. 1

"You wished me to write, and to keep a
journal of all that I should see or hear which
could excite interest or afford pleasure. I
have often on former occasions, as on the pre-
sent, made the attempt, and as often relin-
quished it, upon conviction that success would

not crown my efforts, or warrant their continuance. I shall pass without comment the many rainy days that made my journey unpleasant, and the many fair ones that almost broiled me—suffice it that on the eleventh day after leaving New-York I arrived here jolted to a jelly, and crammed to surfeiting with “corn bread and bacon.” In no one instance were my expectations of the population, wealth, fertility of soil, and excellence of roads, realized. From Fredericksburgh per Staunton, with the exception of Monticello and the University of Charlottesville, there was little to attract attention, save the severe jolting, the groans of my fellow travellers, and the frequent ejaculation “damn de Virginee,” uttered by a squalid little Frenchman.

Of the Springs I have nothing to say that has not been a thousand times repeated, I know so little of science that I would not attempt an analysis, and of course can give you nothing new. They are delightfully situated in the very bosom of mountains—the atmosphere is breathed in its purest state, and no doubt is as efficacious in many cases as the waters.

It gives an impulse to my pride of soul, to hear the encomiums passed upon our state. Even in the “old dominion” she is acknowledged as the pride of the union. Her physical resources, independent of other causes, make her so, but the truth is a liberality of feeling is here expressed, which I regret is not so general at home—whether it be owing to the distance from the petty feuds which have so long distracted our state, and trammelled her energies: or whether it be in canvassing the merits of the most prominent men of our country, I know not, but I do know, that in Virginia, the greatest respect is entertained for Mr. Clinton; the wisdom and the policy of his administration, and his unremitted exertions for our public glory. I am no politician—their wrangle delights me not, but I indulge the hope, that this present friendly feelings will continue yet a few years longer.”

As we hold our columns open to hear both sides of a question, especially, if of such importance as the present, we insert our correspondent's communication with pleasure, and add, that, he has brought forward such specimens of the sublime, we did not think before that mortal man could write poetry so stupid—we beg pardon—so exceedingly beautiful, as he has selected from “Journals of the Ocean.”

EDITOR.

For the New-York Literary Gazette.

Sometimes I write, 'tis careless measure,
For my own, and not your pleasure,
Calmly thus I pass my leisure,
Not caring your belief.

Journals of the Ocean, p. 171.

Mr. Editor,

SIR,—I am a supporter of justice, and an advocate of genius. I am neither an author nor a critic, but an unbiassed friend to merit, no matter under what garb it appears. You must be aware that both critics and authors by profession are the most partial, prejudiced and envious creatures that crawl on the earth. With these prefatory remarks, I trust you will give this article a patient reading, and I question not an early insertion.

I observed a review, which lately appeared in your paper, on a volume of exquisite poetry, entitled “JOURNALS OF THE OCEAN.” It was a most wanton and illiberal attack on the most gifted poet of the age! And I also read a very just, temperate, and learned reply to the same, in “Coram's Champion,” by the immortal author, who is “one of us.”

I am not aware, Mr. Editor, what your qualifications for a critic may be, but I must say, that, you have not shown in that article a very favorable sample of your critical acumen. What private motive you may have had for your ungenerous strictures on that superlatively excellent work, I know not: perhaps I might say with Sir Fretful Plagiary, that, “through all my knowledge of life, I have observed—that there is not a passion so strongly rooted in the human heart as ENVY!” I insinuate nothing, Mr. Editor, I only make a quotation! I can assure you, however, were you to give the poems in question that patient, candid, and impartial examination which I have, you would speak of them in less contemptuous terms,—nay, would applaud them

to the very echo
That should applaud again!”

Sir, as far as my humble efforts can avail, I shall extol the native and talented bard to the skies, who has given the world such a feast of poetry! I thank you for your unkind remarks, for else I might never have seen the work, (nor any other created being save yourself) which has filled me with such thrilling raptures—and placed the author, in my estimation, on a par with Shakspeare, Milton and Byron. Sir, the bookseller from whom I purchased my copy, at the very moderate price of one dollar and fifty cents, informed me, he had sold only one—but now, I have not the least doubt the whole edition of one thousand copies, will be sold instantaneously, aye, sir, even were the price one hundred and fifty dollars each.

There was a time Mr. Editor, when my mind was undecided, and I asked myself the question, Who is the best poet in America? Bryant, Percival, Halleck, Fairfield or Pinckney? Now, Sir, all my doubts are vanished. My mind is resolved, the author of the “Journals of the Ocean” has outsailed them all, “hull down.” Once, there was only one poet, whom I wished to see—that poet was Byron, but he is gone for ever; and, Sir, I

have now another wish—that I might gaze upon immortality, that I might feast my eyes with a sight of that being, who, when myself “unknown as I had never been,” will be looked up to with admiration by future ages,—and that man is the author of the “Journals of the Ocean!!! Will he not avow his name?

Mr. Editor, as I said before, I am a supporter of justice, and an advocate of genius: in that capacity, an humble, but sincere admirer, of the “Journals of the Ocean,” I offer you a few quotations of superlative merit, with my remarks, which you had not the wit yourself to discover, or else passed callously over “for your own base purposes.”

I will entitle them,

ELEGANT EXTRACTS!!!

A long low isle bars off the western sea,
Round whose north point an open passage free,
Gives easy access to the secure bay:
Thither the swelling sails the bark convey.
Here the worn voyagers assistance meet,
Here hospitable strangers friendly greet;
Whate'er the tropic climes of Afric yield,
They know no plenty of the harvest field,
Ceres within the torrid ows no reign,
Her golden tresses wave not o'er the plain
Ferina flow'r formed of Cassava root,
Cocoa, orange, plantain, banana's fruit,
With all the stores the burning zones afford,
In grateful plenty crown the generous board.

Page 35-36.

Now, Mr. Editor, I ask you seriously, is this not poetry? it requires no great pitch of thought, to discover that, it is the finest specimen of the sublime that ever was penned—there is not a false metre in the whole passage, and if you can count your fingers, you will find, each line has exactly ten syllables; what more is wanted to constitute heroic verse? Nothing, Sir, but the author has gone farther. In the commencement of the passage, he shows a great knowledge of geography and natural history—and then, how classical is that allusion to Ceres' golden tresses. Moreover, Sir, I have read all the immortal strains, written for Lottery Ticket Venders, Trinket Sellers &c. &c.—but none ever equalled the four last lines of the passage: what an admirable catalogue! Read it again Mr. Editor, and answer me, did ever human ingenuity, did ever heaven-born genius, combine so many luxuries in so small a compass?

“Ferina flour formed of Cassava root,
Cocoa, orange, plantain, banana's fruit!”

I presume, Sir, I have sufficiently opened your eyes to the beauties of the above passage, I shall now proceed to another.

Stilled was the billow as heaven serene,
Nought harms the beauty of the magic scene:
Saluting cannon first bedim the air,
In clouds of smoke obscure the atmosphere;
Then gentle west wind curls the rippling seas,
In timid undulation beneath the breeze;

*Writes the fair image in the mystic deep,
That winding in serpentine mazes creep;
Until the form that late resembled life,
Becomes a chaos in the wayward strife.*

page 36.

Is there any thing on record, so distinctly expressed, so beautiful and grammatical? I will not insult your sense, good or bad as it may be, by pointing out the merit of this passage.

"And still the course we obstinate pursue,
Until she plainly shows her ensign blue,
A triple row of guns is now unveiled,
That fog and mist had heretofore concealed;
Panic and trepidation then take place,
With him who lately showed a bolder face;
Soon as his mind the peril great has caught,
Quick by the wind the little brig is brought;
With every thread of canvass on the stretch
The slightest puff of passing wind may catch.
The seventy-four braces her ponderous sails,
And trims her yards to catch the adverse gales;
Her top-mast-steering-sail she wise unbinds,
And by head-reaching her advantage finds;
Yet still it would have been a long ring race,
And many an anxious hour consumed in chase:
Perhaps ere closed, had come the veil of night
To aid from such superior force our flight.
We had the weather-gage each seaman knows
How difficult with windward ships to close;"

page 39

A fine description of the guns being thrown overboard succeeds this passage, to which the author says in a note "I do impute the loss of the vessel," (Siren) also how the cables anchors, &c. were "tost into the foaming tide"—Then follows a passage more heroic and beautiful than ever seaman penned, or saw before—

"That honoured flag, to see it thus descend,
Thus meekly suppliant, so easy bend,
From DUTY, HONOUR, thus to see depart
Him who commands, does chill the very heart!
'Tis true he made to yelp one poor lone hound,
In salvo, but he slued his breech around,
And made him bark the other way, for fear
We might be made to pay, and pay too dear,
For such presumption as a gun to fire!
If pointed true it might excite their ire!!!
Now by the gods that rule the earth and sky,
I'd sooner see MY vessel mount on high,
BLOWN INTO SHREDS NOT LARGER THAN GOOSE
QUILLS,
THAN YIELD HER TAMELY THUS TO ENGLISH
WILLS;"

Now, Mr. Editor, what say you to this? I defy ancient and modern times, I challenge all creation, to bring forward a "poet, hero, and minstrel," (as you chose ironically to express yourself,) so loyal and lion hearted.

You may perhaps think the last passage contains a libel on a brave and meritorious officer, who is now unhappily lost to his country: if it be, it is told in manly and expressive language; moreover, it shows an ocean of the milk of human kindness, the officer is dead, he neither hears nor reads these melodious strains, he does not know that his character is assailed, he is at that dread bourne, where pride, ambition and patriotism sleep, from whence no refutation, no redress, and no revenge can come.

Sir, I assert, and without fear of contradiction, that, to calumniate the dead is the most magnanimous act, that a living mortal can perform. Shakspeare says,

"The evil that men do, lives after them:
The good is oft interred with their bones:
So let it be with Cæsar."—

But you, Mr. Editor, have shown none of that gentleness of nature, nor kindness of heart; you have wantonly attacked the living author of the "Journals of the Ocean." Why did you not act a nobler part, especially when you had such a glorious example before you, and remain silent till the author was dead,—for genius cannot save a mortal from the tomb, else he should never die,—then had you spoken your mind in the most biting terms that the most galled, and disappointed spirit could conceive, I should have awarded you one merit.

Mr. Editor, I am afraid I have too far trespassed upon your patience already, I cannot, however, conclude this communication, without giving you one or two elegant extracts farther.

"My father, who these daring men,
Who quitting their homes and native glen,
Risk in such tempestuous strife,
Heaven's precious boon, the gift of life?
With warmth of youth, the sire replied,
For he had ploughed the Ocean's tide:
And knew and felt the keen privations,
That suffer those in seamen's stations:"

p. 69.

"Directs to that dread shore the prow,
So long avoided, even now,
Resistless winds alone can drive,
When hopes so few of safety live:"

p. 71.

"And there beyond the ocean's spray,
Gazed listless on that vast abyss,
Where the last parting beam of day,
Had seemed to set on that life of his"

p. 73.

"This the young leader knew full well,
That he could not his adieu tell:
Till the next sun had rose and shed
"His kindling influence o'er his head."

p. 78.

"Did he not wish them better known?
Yes! that his heart was ready to own.
He did not love, yet he admired,
And something wished, and half desired,
He had been born a neighborly swain
That he might tread the self same plain;
And Caroline carve in the beechen tree,
With loving shepherd's simplicity."

p. 80.

"Go lose a ring, your heart, or glove!
Why Fitzgeorge? why so grave an air?
A song redeems, or tale of love!"
She said, and led where beauty's eye,
Received the stranger courteously.
Already the youthful sport progressed,
Bracelets and rings, with half the rest,
A lady's toilet could well spare,
Seized in a pile collected were;
When Fitzgeorge' fortune's turn to prove
HE GUESSED AND LOST HIS GLOVE

Enough, agreed, the arranged
Shall now return from whence estranged"

p. 82.

"For he had dreamed, or England said,
(What England said, none then denied,) .
Before her war progressed a year,
Columbia's flag from ocean driven,
Her navy should, to destruction given,
Be sunk, or blown into the air;"

Now, Mr. Editor, I shall give no farther quotations, convinced, if the above have not opened your eyes to the matchless merit of the poems, you are blind indeed.

In these extracts all is pathos and simplicity, the natural overflowings of the poetic temperament.

"Too oft the pompous, studied phrase combine,
To lengthen out the senseless sounding line."

p. 103.

But no such adventitious aid does the author of the "Journals of the Ocean" require. I shall say no more, but conclude with a couplet from my favourite author—somewhat altered—improved? Mr. Immortality—

"If language fails I feel the spirit,
And render homage due to merit."

AN ENTHUSIASTIC ADMIRER OF
JOURNALS OF THE OCEAN.

N. B. I have been very careful to make my manuscript legible, so pray take care your printers make no mistakes. I have put some of the extracts in capitals and some in italics, to call your attention to the superlative beauty of the passages so marked.

DUNNING.

Alas! how deeply painful is all payment!

Take lives, take wives, take ought 'cept men's purses
As Machiavel shows those in purple raiment,
Such is the shortest way to general curses,
They hate a murderer much less than a claimant
On that sweet ore which every body nurses.—
Kill a man's family, and he may brook it,
But keep your hands out of his breeches pocket.

Byron's Don Juan.

Wearied with the never ending and trifling excuses for non payment, that my collector daily brought me, I determined to devote a day to the sole business of collecting my own bills, having, however, a great antipathy to this sort of business, it required all the resolution I was master of to meet the delinquent face to face. Now there is not the least shadow of a reason why we should feel unpleasant in asking for what is our just due; and yet I believe there are but few who do not dislike dunning worse than any thing almost;—unless it is being dunned themselves.

The demure and downcast looks that one meets with—the long-winded excuses, and regrets of inability to pay that one must hear—the cold and studied civility with which almost all treat you,—are not among the last evils to which flesh and blood is heir.—But to our business. I loitered in indecision at the breakfast table, sipping the coffee very differently from my usual hasty manner,—in truth

I made a most unconscionable long sitting of it,—but breakfast cannot last forever; and I finally left the table,—my resolution however wavered more and more as the time drew nigh, when I was to start,—and I, pacing idly backwards and forwards through the room, half inclined yet to postpone the hateful business indefinitely; when a note was put in my hand, politely requesting me to pay a bill of sundry items, as soon as I possibly could make it convenient,—now I had completely forgotten that any such account was standing, against me, and as I knew it was necessary that it should be paid immediately—my decision was at once made—in desperate resolution I seized my hat, and was in the street in a moment,—without any farther haltings of indecision.—I proceeded on directly to the place where I knew my bill would be most probably paid without any farther delay—my first call however was an unfortunate one,—for the family had just left town; much to my sorrow. Foiled in my first attempt, I proceeded on to the next in order on my list.—I was admitted into the house, and the family fortunately were at home; but alas! I soon saw that they too were preparing for a flitting from the heat and dust of the city into country-quarters—the entry was full of banboxes corded trunks,—portmanteaus—and in the midst of all stood the mistress of the house, a fine sprightly widow giving orders, and again countermanding them almost in the same breath—she desisted for a moment from overseeing the arrangements making for the journey, and poured the flood of her overwhelming volubility upon me—"she regrets extremely, that she had put me the trouble of calling—the bill should have been settled long ago, she was really ashamed it had remained so long unpaid; but a variety of circumstances—circumstances over which she had no control, had really prevented her from paying but as soon as she returned from the country, which would be very shortly, I might depend upon the money—in the mean time as she was very much engaged, she begged me to have the goodness to excuse her."—I wished her a pleasant jaunt, and proceeded on. The next one I called upon was a plain, worthy grocer. I found him sitting under the awning before his door, surrounded by puncheons and beer-barrels, and for the purpose of keeping out the heat, as he expressed it, he ever and anon took a sip from a tumbler of Hollands and water, on the surface of which the fragrant powder of the nutmegs was floating in graceful undulations;—my hopes brightened as he shook me cordially by the hand; and bank-notes in all their interesting and ragged oiliness flooded before my imagination; for once I was not disappointed; without waiting for me to state the object of my visit, he promptly paid the amount, and apologized for not having done it before. Encouraged by this

promptness I took heart, and again went on with my walk, fondly dreaming that I should be able to collect a sufficiency to compensate me for my unpleasant task; and already appropriating, in imagination, money not yet collected, to divers uses; but alas, I soon found I had reckoned with idle security. It were enough to drive one mad merely to hear the excuses for non payment. Some doubtless were true, but many I am sure were false. There are numbers whose means although ample, cling as close to their money as the muscle to its rock; and who, when it is perfectly convenient, will not pay a bill, as long as they can possibly evade it, and then pay it with about as much willingness as they would part with their life's blood—groaning in spirit for the loss of that for which they had not the least use. Among the various excuses, I recollect one fellow, who stood before me the very personification of health and good living, telling me that his health had been so delicate that he had been utterly unable to attend to his usual business and consequently had no funds. I stared at him with eyes of astonishment; but when he repeated the assertion, and commenced enumerating symptoms, my propensity to laughter overbalanced my vocation, and I was compelled to leave him very abruptly. But why go on with the tiresome detail. I had been from morning until late in the afternoon, wandering from street to street, and from almost one extreme of the city to the other, and returned home with a pocket almost as light as when I started. I was wearied with the unsuccessful exertions that I had made, but I had met with similar disappointments too often before, to consider it as any thing very strange, or lay it to heart as an unparalleled case of ill fortune. When I again reached my room, the western sky had ceased to burn so fiercely, and the south wind was blowing freshly among the luxuriant tendrils of the wild cucumber around my window. I had recourse to that soother of the irritated nerves, a segar, and then for lack of better employment wrote these idle pages, which (if you have a nook to spare in your paper) is at your service. Y. G.

Mr. Fairfield's Journal.—We commence, this day, the publication of Mr. Fairfield's manuscript. He has looked upon men and things with a keen eye, and commented upon them with a vigorous pen. Although we differ from the writer in some of his views of English society and manners, we have determined to give him the free use of our columns, even if we think he is too severe, holding open also to respondents, if they will wage the battle without personality. This should always be avoided in literary discussions, unless personal impudence and low-bred vulgarity compel a writer to use it in self-defence. The first offender, in such cases, is the one whom the public will crush.

Woodworth's Melodies.—Mr. Woodworth, with whose writings the American public have long been familiar, is preparing for publication a volume of poetry. He has our best wishes for success.

To Correspondents.—V. G.'s reappearance is welcomed with great pleasure. His article on "Dunning," which we publish to day, is "just as it ought to be."

Why does the harp of Ida slumber? She ought not to neglect the cultivation of her fine poetical genius.

For the New-York Literary Gazette.

THE IMPERIAL SACRIFICE.*

By L. S. Fairfield.

Hear ye the rush, that like the mountain storm,
Rolls deep and awfully along?
Lo! what mute horror, like a sorcerer's charm,
Charms that upgazing throng!
Amazed, the unfettered vassal stands
Before his captain lord!
See! how he looks upon his blood-red hands,
And shakes the purple drops from his uplifted sword!
Where is the monarch? where his train
Of lords and ladies fair? (rain,
And where the adoring crowd, where hearts, like
Or dew in summer's air,
Shed light and joy and regal pride
Round Bourbon's royal son!—
—Hark! it was a groan, as if a monarch died!
The earthquake is begun!
How the vast mass of human life doth move,
And quiver, like a wind-tossed tree!
From such deep terror flows devoted love,
And faithful loyalty.
—Ah, no! before the palace of his sires,
A glorious line of kings,
The fettered monarch in his blood expires!
Hark! how the shout of savage triumph rings!
Lo! where they move, in long and dark array,
With banner, pall, and shroud!
The smoke of censers dim the eye of day—
Religion cries aloud!
High on the pomp of royal funeral rites,
In meek devotion paid,
The uplifted cross moves on, mid thousand lights,
Where a great Nation, like one hermit, tread!
How mournfully, mid chanted hymn,
And requiem murmured low,
And prayers said round the taper's dim,
While countless forms, like shadows, swim,
The deep knell chimes a kingdom's royal woe!
Why throng they round the accursed spot?
Away! it was the death-bed of a king!
Imperial Charles! oh, knowest thou not
Thy brother perished, like a felon, here?
Dost thou not hear the shout of madness ring?
Canst thou not see the badge of death they bear?
Heir of the Bourbons! fly, oh, fly!
Thy foot is stained with blood!
Turn not again thy blasted eye!
They come! they come! like Spring-time's torrent flood!
Oh! 'twas the demon forms of other years,
That hurried on my brain:
The banded host, who drank a nation's tears,
And feasted on the slain.
I see them now, each bloody brow,

* This Poem was written at the request of my friend John Howard Payne, on the occasion of Charles X. laying the corner stone of the monument, in the square of the Tuilleries, to Louis XVI.; one of the most unpopular acts that ever an ill-established king committed. The reader is requested to believe that this is written *a la Française*; or, in other words, fictitiously.

Each gory hand—in wrath they stand ;
 E'en on the spot where Louis fell,
 And Austria's lovely daughter died :—
 They throng around, like shapes of hell,
 The sacred pomp of funeral pride,
 And howl and yell and hurtle in the air,
 In vain, to stay the rites, that doom them to despair.

The sacrifice is paid !
 Rest, martyred Louis ! in thy glory, rest !
 Thy rifled crown is laid,
 Thy broken sceptre on thy bleeding breast !
 Rest ! for thy requiem hath been said—
 Rejoice ! thou heard our prayers among the blest !
 Here on the spot, once hallowed by thy blood,
 O royal Martyr ! let thy presence dwell !
 Where frantic murderers at thy death-hour stood,
 And on thee raised hate's maddening yell,
 With holy joy and reverential praise,
 We hail thy Temple-Tomb, thy Mausoleum raise !
Versailles, May 4, 1826. P.

MOURZOFLE.

This celebrated Usurper of the throne of Constantinople, in the thirteenth century, had been Great Chamberlain. He rushed at midnight to the bedside of Alexius, and telling him that the palace was about to be forced by the Crusaders, urged him to attempt his escape by a private stair. Alexius was murdered in the passage, and Mourzofle mounted the throne. His name was given from the remarkable blackness and savage look of his eye brows.

* Rise, rise from thy sleep, for thy warriors have fled,
 For the Latins have rush'd to thy wall,
 Like the roar of the sea is their chivalry's tread,
 This hour thou must fly, or must fall.

From his sleep, at the summons, the Emperor sprang
 He cast through the midnight his gaze :
 On his ear came the tramp, and the chivalry's clang,
 On his eye burst the torch's red blaze.

Who stands by the Monarch, half wrapt in a veil,
 That hides the wild arch on his brow ?
 On the clouds of the midnight dark spirits may sail :
 But, Mourzofle, none darker than thou.

The form touch'd a spring, and he stamp'd on the ground,
 And back at his feet flew a door ;
 Down, down to this cave, when this clue is unwound,
 Thou shalt stand on the Bosphorus shore.

Alexius shrank back, but the tumult rolled nigh,
 And in terror he plunged in the cave :
 In his robes still the bones of the Emperor lie,
 For that spot was his dungeon and grave.

In his joy gaz'd the traitor—the tumult was hush'd—
 The torch blaz'd no more on the gloom,
 But a pale sheeted flame round the murderer gush'd,
 And he heard, 'twas a summons to doom.

There's vengeance above thee, thou regicide Greek,
 There's vengeance for thee and thy throne :
 The thunders of midnight around thee shall break,
 They shall call thee, and thou shalt be gone.

* From the sands of the south shall the Saracene come,
 The Tartar shall rush from his den,
 And thou, like a dog, at his spurn shalt be dumb,
 What arm shall be raised for thee then ?

Mourzofle ! the crown shall be torn from thy brow,
 Thy neck shall be galled with a chain,
 The slave in the dust shall be nobler than thou,
 Thou recreant in heart and in brain !

☞ In Mr. Fairfield's poem of last week, two material typographical errors occurred. In the 5th stanza "wild" should be "will"—in the 12th, "Much" should be "Meek."

THE BLACK LIST.

JOSEPH SAYRE, of Delaware co. N. Y. is particularly disinclined to pay for the paper.

JULIUS BLACKWELL, of Tioga county, has neglected to pay for his paper, although written to by our clerk three several times after his year of subscription terminated.

GEORGE THOMAS, St. Lawrence co. has not paid.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

N. B. That there may be no mistake and no unnecessary apprehensions on the subject of the Black List, it is proper to state, that these are subscribers to the *Minerva*, which paper I purchased about fourteen months ago, and which was incorporated with the *New-York Literary Gazette*, last September. The year of these subscribers expired last April, and due warning has been given to all. Our good subscribers have nothing to fear from the Black List—no name shall be inserted hastily, unadvisedly or unjustly—but when once inserted there shall it remain.

JONES' "CHURCH HISTORY."—A few copies of the *First American Edition* of "THE HISTORY OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH, from the Birth of Christ to the Eighteenth Century ; including the very interesting Account of the Waldenses and Albigenses," may be had, at the Bookstore of Gould & Banks, corner of Nassau and Spruce streets, opposite the Park, and at the Printing-Office, corner of Washington and Vesey-streets.

Various well written episodes (says the Monthly Review) add greatly to the value of the Work : among which deserve to be distinguished the author's account of the *sacking of Rome by Alaric*, the origin and progress of monkery, and the rise and propagation of Mahomedanism ; and the volumes are enlivened by a great number of very interesting anecdotes.

The History of the Waldensian Churches occupies half of the Work ; and in giving their history, it is sufficient to say, that in the volume, the footsteps of Christ's "little flock," are traced from the days of the apostles, through every successive age to our own times, the horrible persecutions for which several centuries they sustained, on account of their inflexible adherence "to the testimony of God and the faith of Jesus," are faithfully narrated ; and the power and faithfulness of Christ, in preserving the burning bush from being utterly consumed, and in making the blood of the martyrs the seed of the church, are signally and visibly displayed.

N. B. The English copies of the Work have been selling in this country for *Eight Dollars*—while the American copies are offered at the very low price of *Two Dollars and Fifty Cents*.

Extracts from American Testimonies and Recommendations.

From William Staughton, President of Columbia College, Washington City.

"I have read with pleasure, The History of the Christian Church ; including an account of the Waldenses and Albigenses" by William Jones.....I consider it a most valuable production, and deserving the attention of all who are desirous of becoming familiar with Ecclesiastical History at one of its most interesting periods."

From Samuel H. Cox, Pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Laight-street, N. Y.

"I have owned for some time, and read the whole of the two octavo volumes of the fourth London edition of the History of the Christian Church, from the Birth of Christ to the Eighteenth Century, and from experience of its value, can recommend it to the confidence of all with whom my name may have influence, on the score of evangelical piety, historical authenticity, and classical simplicity of narration."

A. WILLIAMS,
 Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

AND

SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
 ALSO, AGENT FOR LOANING MONEY, AND
 INSURANCE AGAINST FIRE,
 No. 500 Grand street.

THEODORE ALLEN,
 ATTORNEY AT LAW,
 Notary Public and Commissioner.
 No. 32 PINE-STREET, NEW-YORK.

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